miracle mystery comics

special edition of coraddi

[spring 1976]

N86co
Spring 1976

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dedicaton

to x and the brown cow

the stories, characters, and incidents depicted in this magazine are entirely fictitious, except where satirical purpose is intended.

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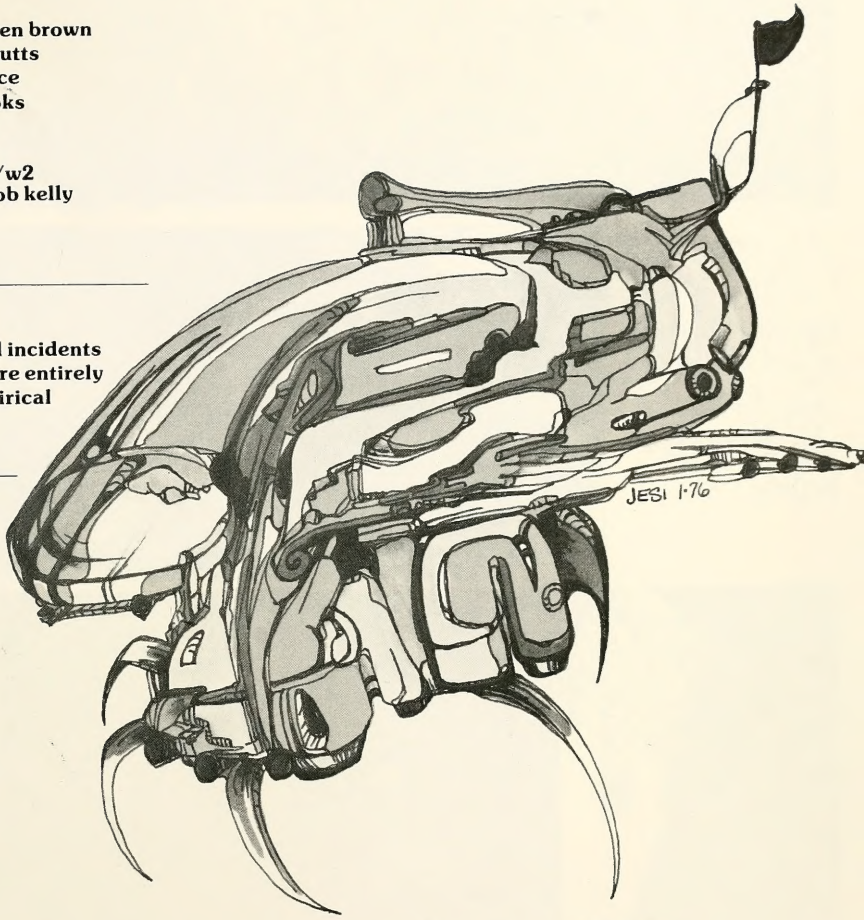
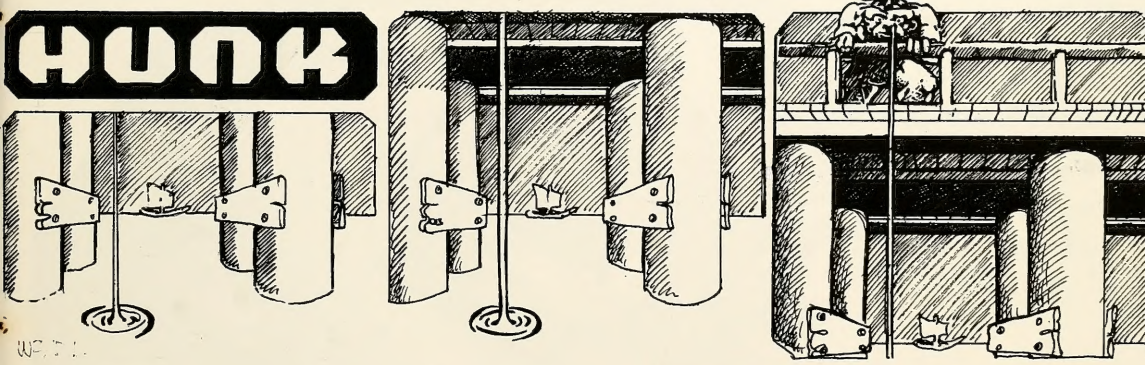
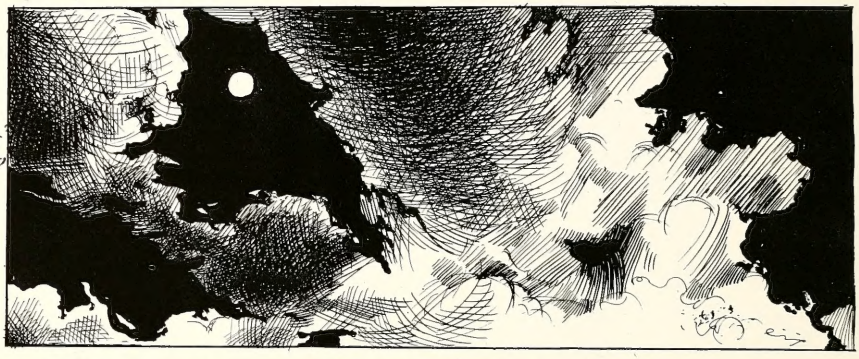


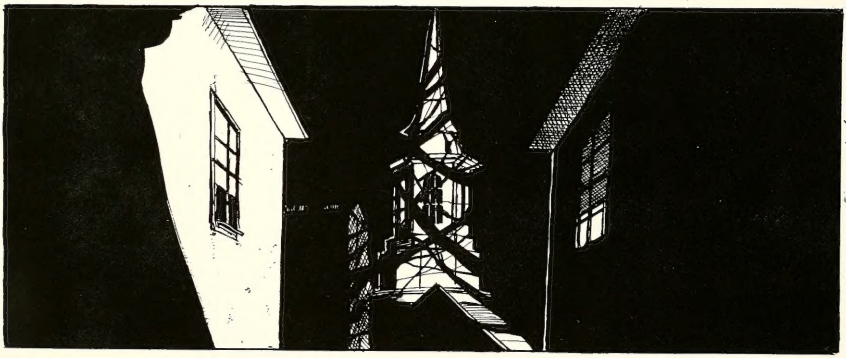


The Ring

by [illegible]

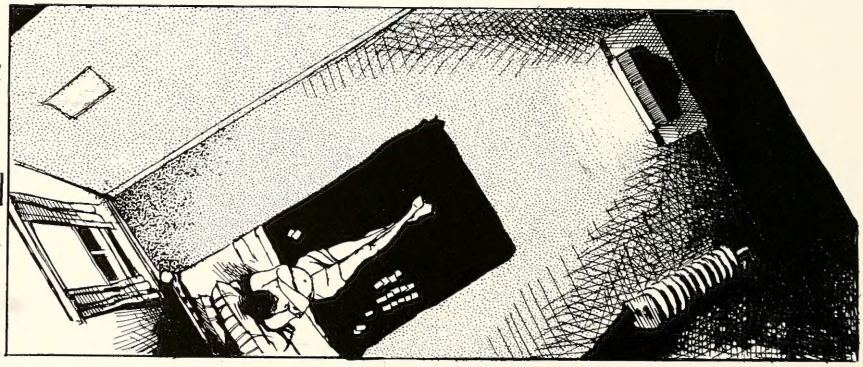
The moon held steady as the passing clouds ingested the light, only to have it slip from their bellies.



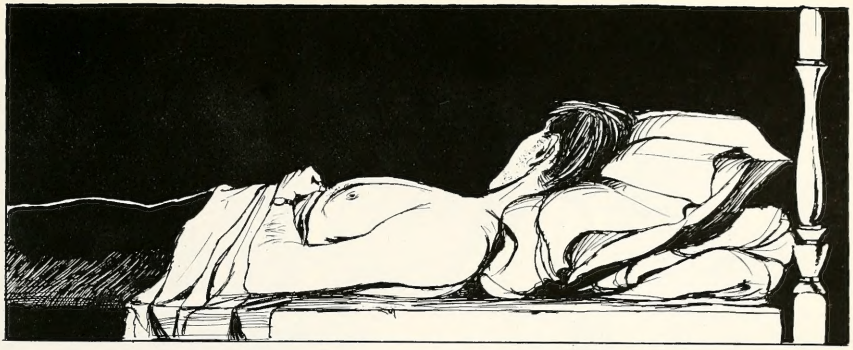


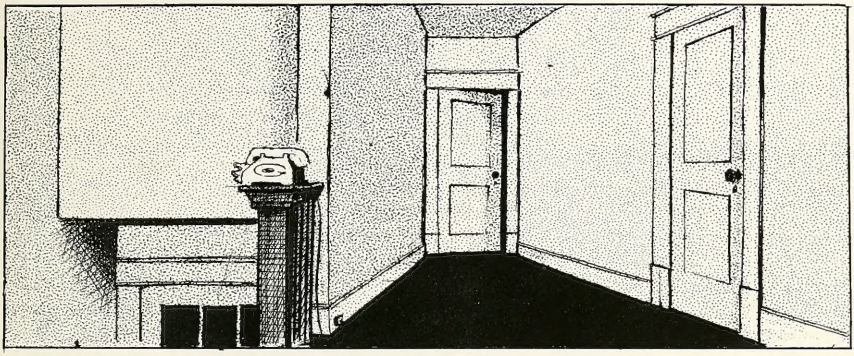
Below, the squatting steeple stood fractured by the silhouetted trees.

Inside his shabby flat, he watched a talk show. The drapes breathed with every gust of wind.



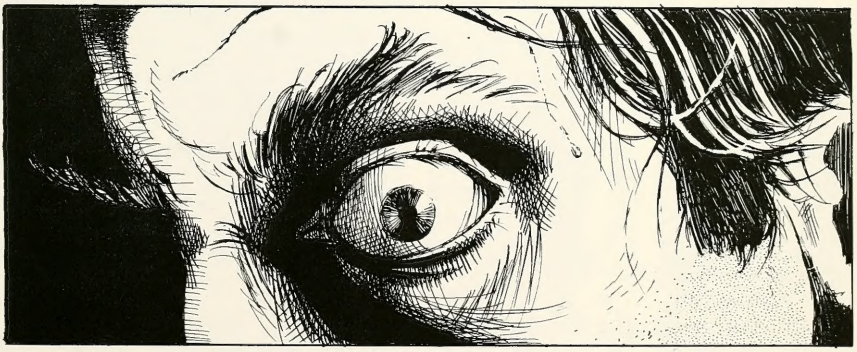
The faces having left by way of a white dot, he fell to dreams of an inundating ocean.





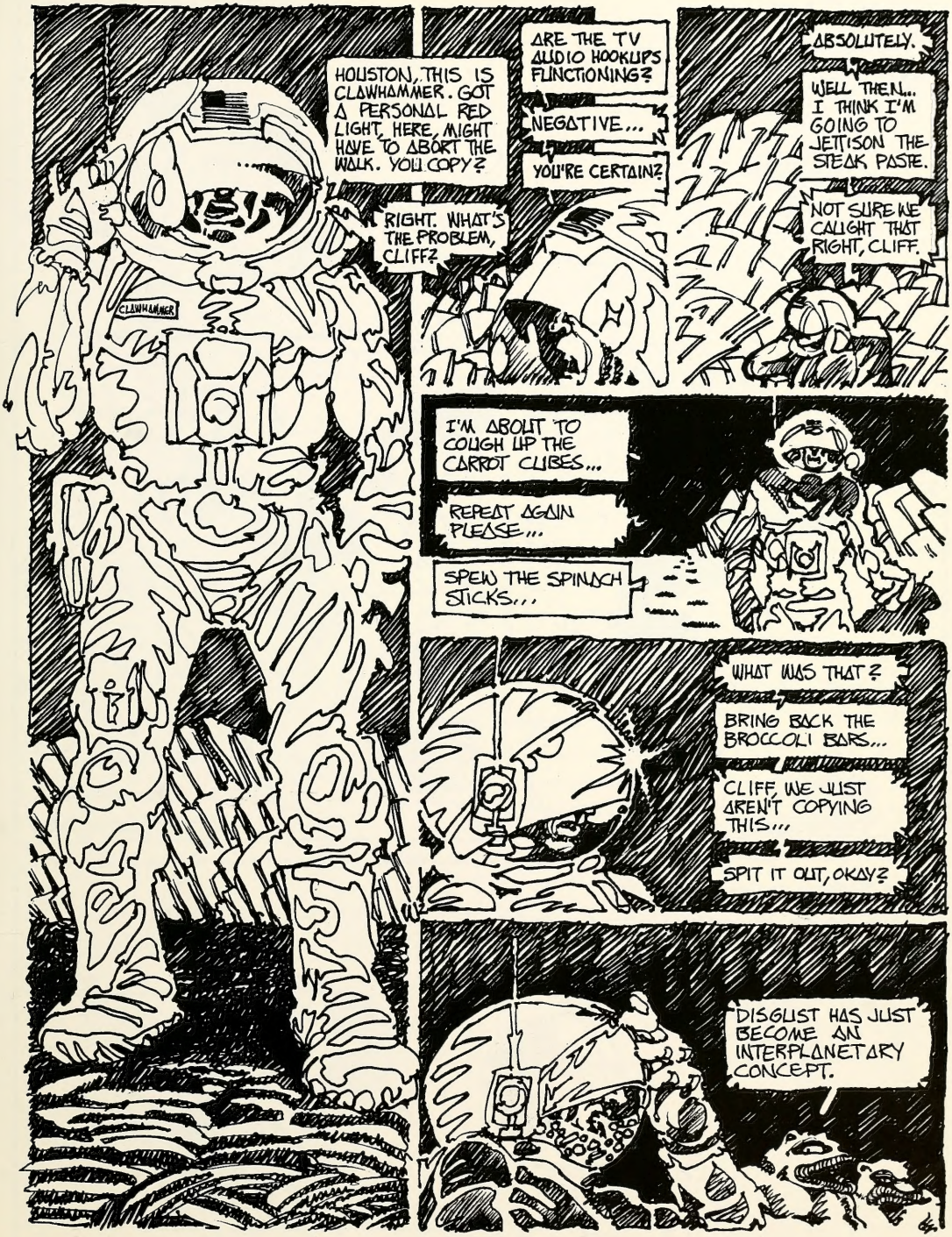
Then, incising the dry blackness, the phone rang.

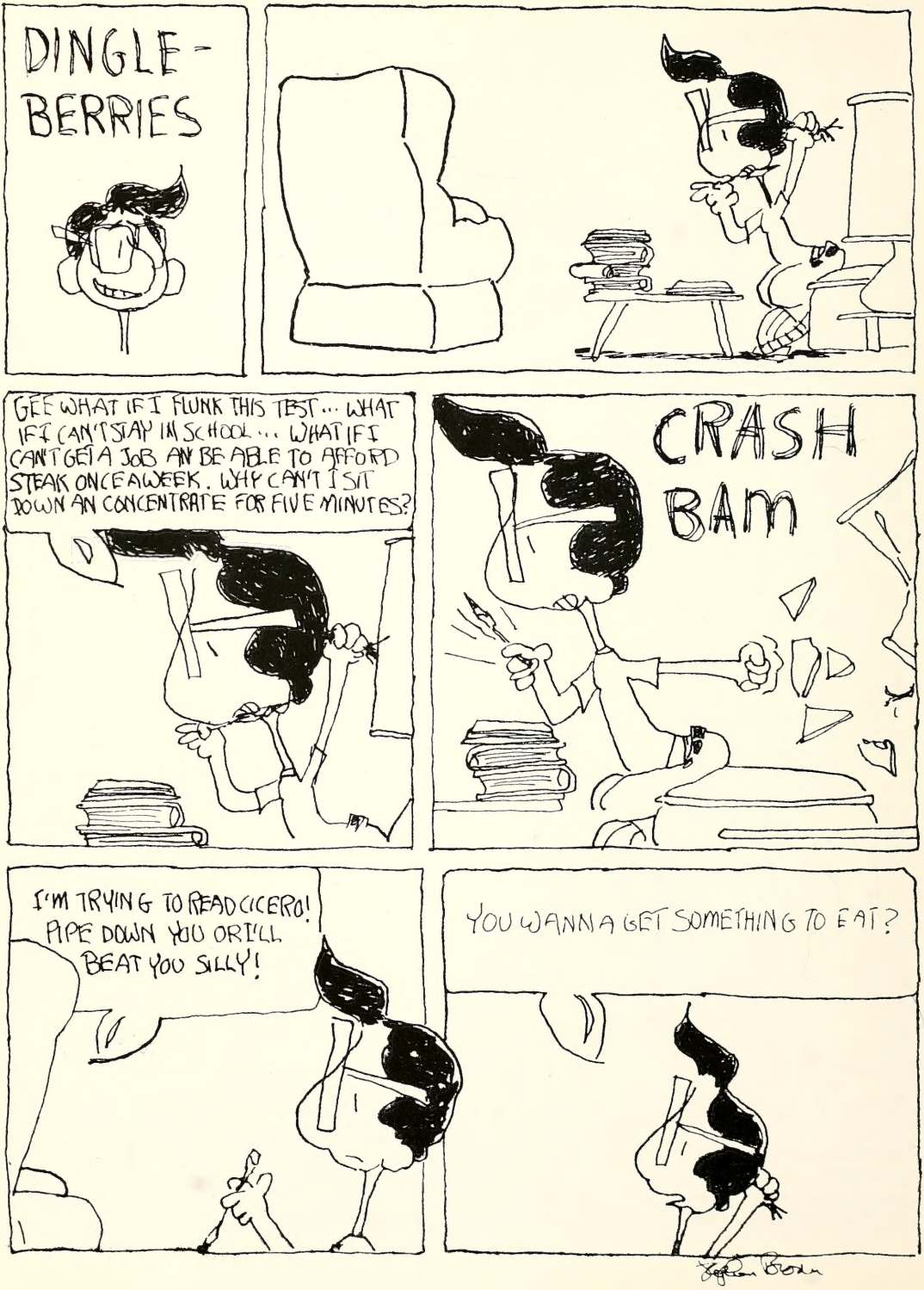
His eyes flicked open, he strained to hear the second ring...



he never did.

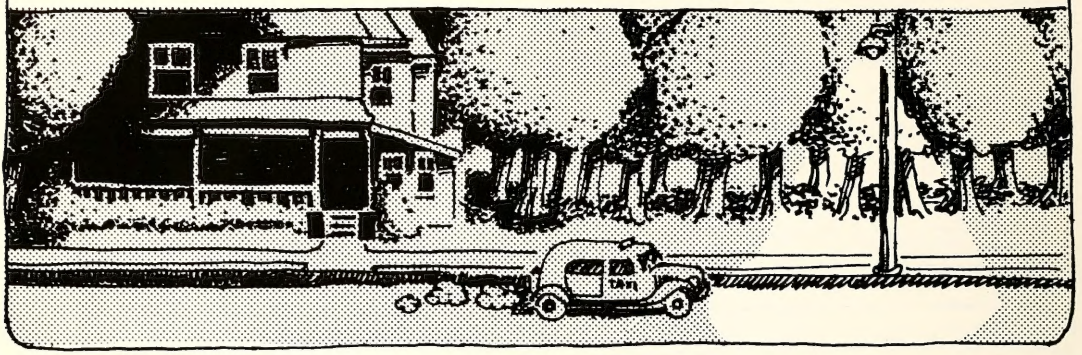
IT'S..
EMPTY!!
WHO,?!
NEVERMIND!!!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!
WHEN WILL GUYS LIKE YOU GROW UP?
MAYBE SOMEDAY THEY'LL LEARN!!


HOUSTON, THIS IS CLAWHAMMER. GOT A PERSONAL RED LIGHT, HERE, MIGHT HAVE TO ABORT THE WALK. YOU COPY?
CLAWHAMMER
RIGHT. WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, CLIFF?
ARE THE TV AUDIO HOOKUPS FUNCTIONING?
NEGATIVE...
YOU'RE CERTAIN?
ABSOLUTELY.
WELL THEN... I THINK I'M GOING TO JETTISON THE STEAK PASTE.
NOT SURE WE CALIGHT THAT RIGHT, CLIFF.
I'M ABOUT TO COUGH UP THE CARROT CUBES...
REPEAT AGAIN PLEASE...
SPEW THE SPINACH STICKS...
WHAT WAS THAT?
BRING BACK THE BROCCOLI BARS...
CLIFF, WE JUST AREN'T COPYING THIS...
SPIT IT OUT, OKAY?
DISGUST HAS JUST BECOME AN INTERPLANETARY CONCEPT.


DINGLE-BERRIES
GEE WHAT IF I FLUNK THIS TEST... WHAT IF I CAN'T STAY IN SCHOOL... WHAT IF I CAN'T GET A JOB AN BE ABLE TO AFFORD STEAK ONCE A WEEK. WHY CAN'T I SIT DOWN AN CONCENTRATE FOR FIVE MINUTES?
CRASH
BAM
I'M TRYING TO READ CICERO! PIPE DOWN YOU OR I'LL BEAT YOU SILLY!
YOU WANNA GET SOMETHING TO EAT?

DINGLE BERRIES
CLEAN UP YOUR MESS
YOU WANNA HEAR A FUNNY JOKE?
CLEAN UP YOUR MESS
LET'S HEAR IT YOU SILLY BOY.
CLEAN UP YOUR MESS
WHAT'S BIG AND FAT AND HAS A BAD TEMPER?
FIGIT FIGIT
YOU'D BETTER NOT BE REFERRING TO ME BECAUSE IF YOU ARE I'm GOING TO BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!
CLEAN YOUR
UH GEE I GUESS HE'S HEARD IT!
CLEAN UP YOUR MESS
Stefan Bram

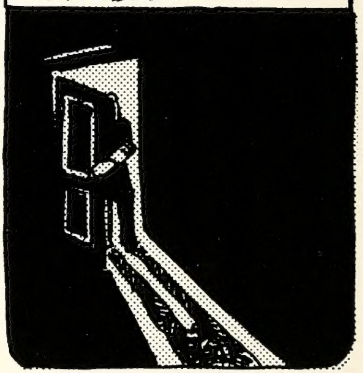
IT WAS LATE SEPTEMBER 1934, WHEN I RETURNED TO ARKHAM THE PLACE OF MY BIRTH TO SEE TO THE AFFAIRS OF MY BROTHER ARTHUR WHO HAD BEEN REPORTED MISSING. THE OLD HOUSE WHICH TERRIFIED ME AS A CHILD HAD CHANGED LITTLE IN THE TWENTY YEARS SINCE I LEFT TO SEEK MY LOT ELSEWHERE...



ARTHUR HAD CHOSEN TO REMAIN... OBSESSED WITH THE STUDY OF GHASTLY BLACK ARTS...

THE HOUSE WAS SILENT AND SMELLED OF DECAY. THICK DUST COVERED EVERYTHING.

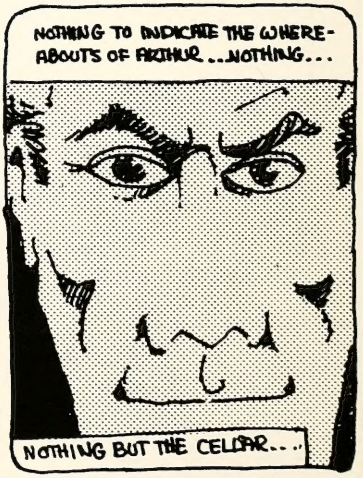
RECEIVING NO RESPONSE TO MY CALLS, I BEGAN A SEARCH OF THE ROOMS... PARLOR...



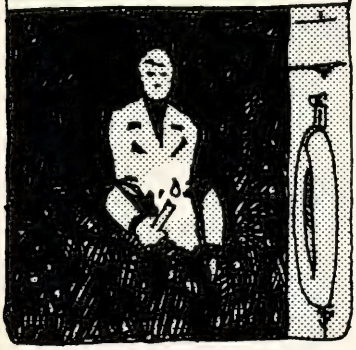
STUDY...

BEDROOM...

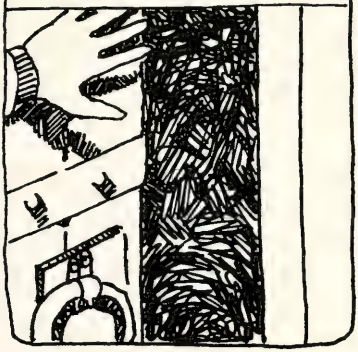
NOTHING TO INDICATE THE WHEREABOUTS OF ARTHUR... NOTHING...



AS I APPROACHED THE DOOR I BECAME AWARE OF A FAINT SCRATCHING SOUND...THAT GREW LOUDER AS I DREW NEARER...



LIGHTING A NEARBY CANDELABRA I EASED THE OLD DOOR OPEN, WARY OF THE DRY AND RUSTY HINGES...



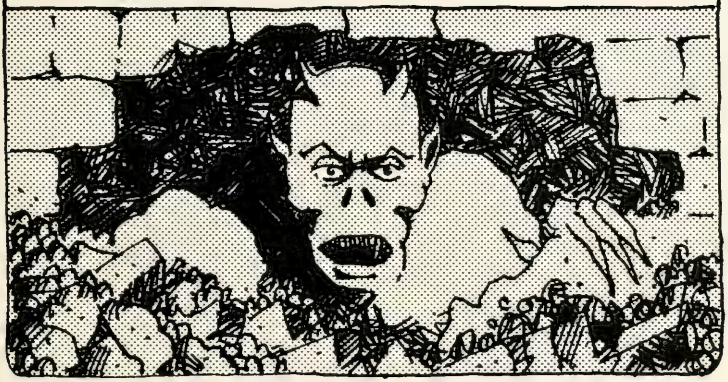
..AND STARTED DOWN THE STAIRS...

AS I REACHED THE BOTTOM I REALIZED THAT THE SOUNDS WERE COMING FROM AROUND THE CORNER.

SO I PEERED CAUTIOUSLY AROUND THE EDGE...

...AND SAW SOMETHING WHICH I SHALL NEVER FORGET AS LONG AS I LIVE...

THROUGH A HOLE IN THE BASEMENT WALL I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE, AND ONLY A GLIMPSE, OF THE MOST HIDEOUS FACE IMAGINABLE. TERROR-STRICKEN, I FROZE BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT....THEN I FLED...



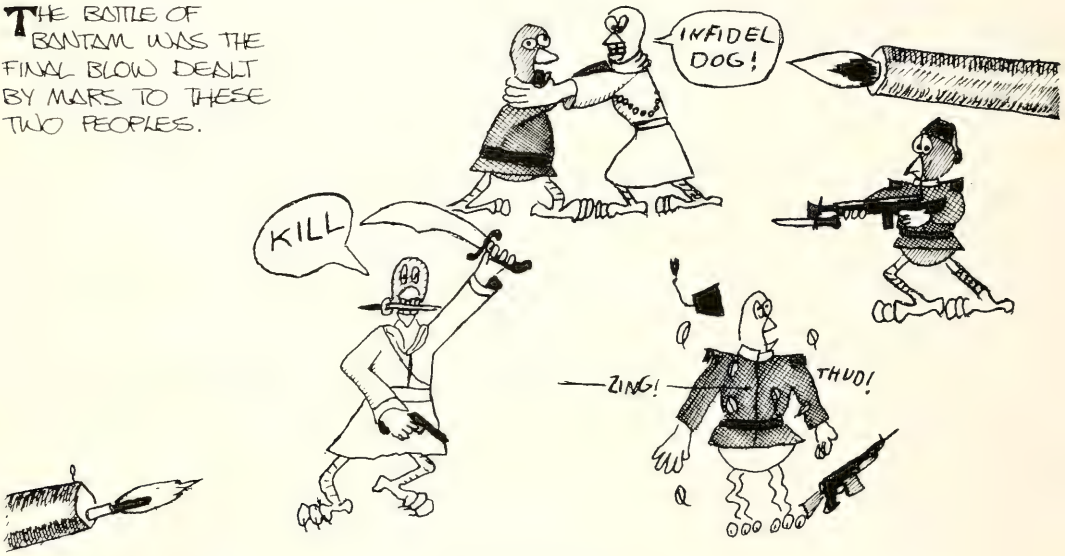
FOR THE EYES WERE UNMISTAKABLY THOSE OF MY MISSING BROTHER ARTHUR...

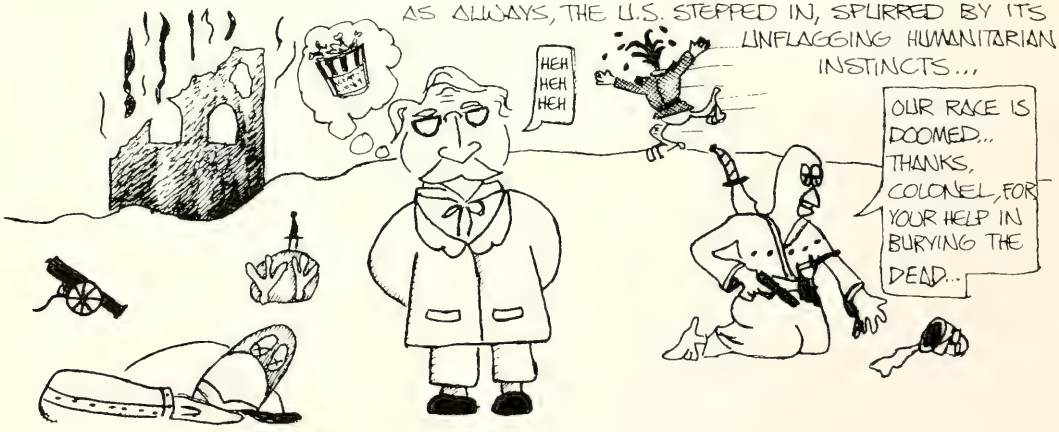
THE MIDDLE EASTERN CHICKENS WARS RESULTED IN THE MUTUAL ANNIHILATION OF THE ONCE-GREAT SELJUK AND TUAREG NATIONS OF CHICKENS, BOTH OF WHICH DATED BACK INTO ANTIQUITY AND WERE DISCUSSED BY HERODOTUS IN HIS CHAPTER ON THE SCYTHIANS.

THE SELJUK CHICKENS WERE ONCE THE ASCENDANT POWER IN THE EAST, BUT HAD LOST MUCH GROUND IN WORLD WAR I. THEY WERE THE INHERITORS OF A LONG TRADITION OF WARRIORS AND ADMINISTRATORS.

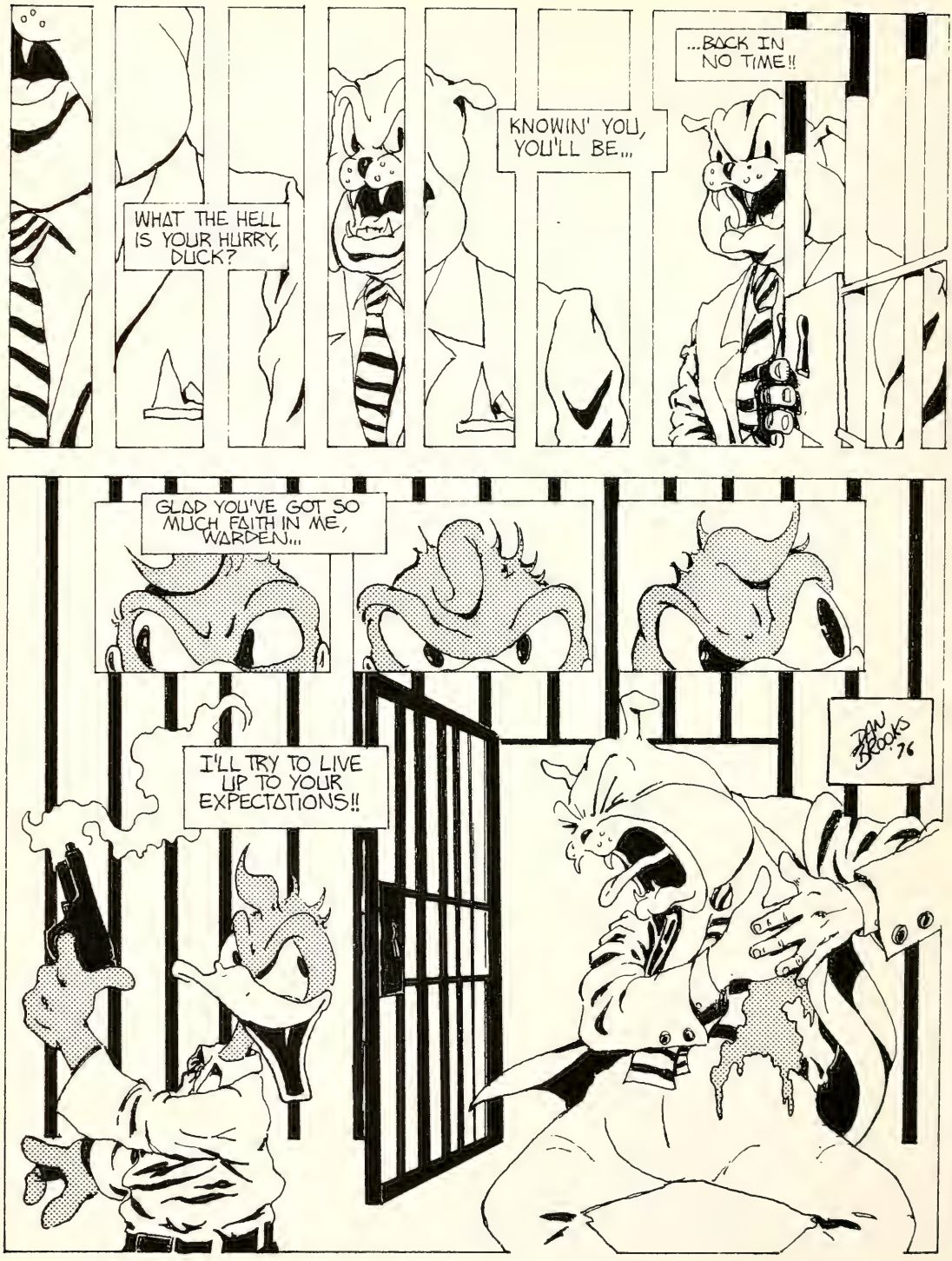
THE TUAREG CHICKENS WERE FIERCE, NOMADIC SONS OF THE DESERT- UNORGANIZED AND UNSKILLED IN MODERN WARFARE, BUT FEROCIOUS GUERRILLA FIGHTERS.

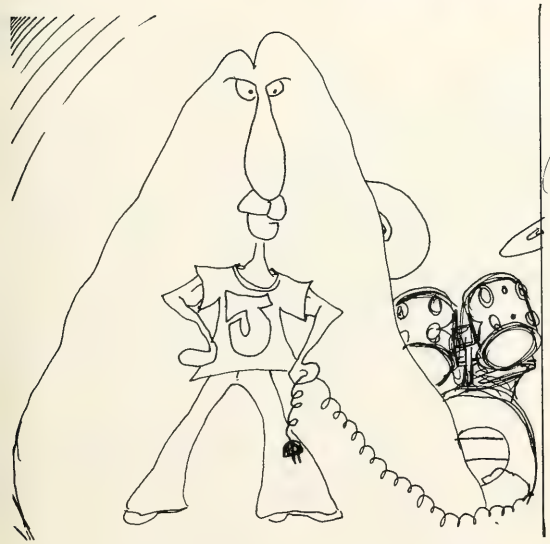
THE BATTLE OF BANTAM WAS THE FINAL BLOW DEALT BY MARS TO THESE TWO PEOPLES.

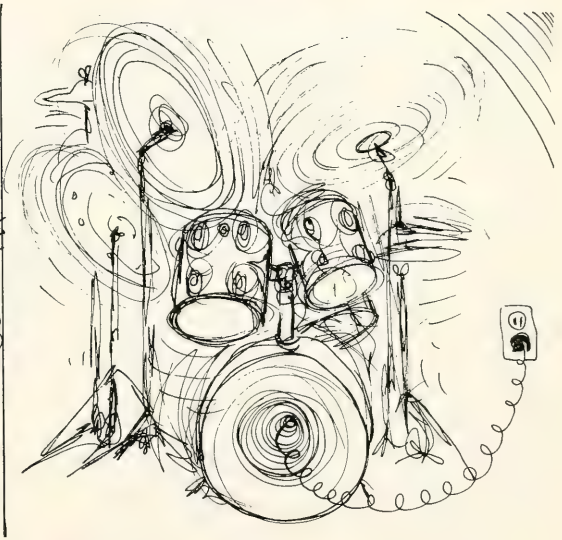


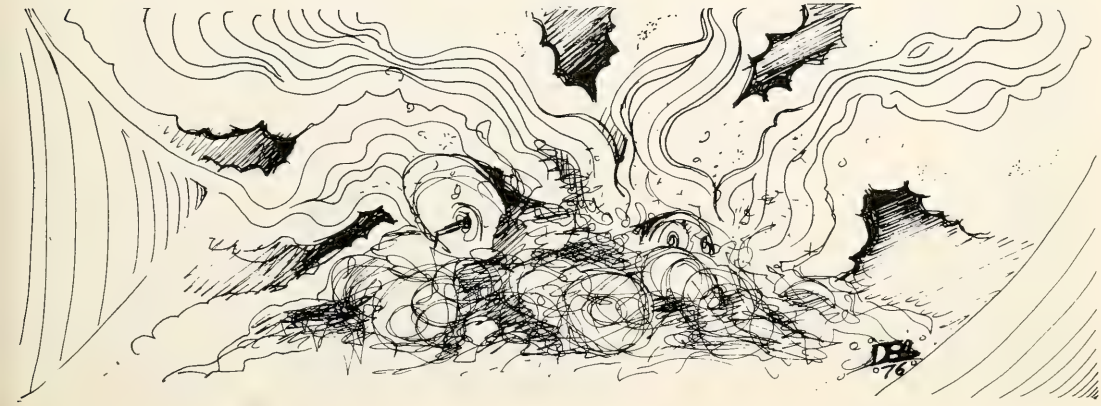

AS ALWAYS, THE U.S. STEPPED IN, SPURRED BY ITS UNFLAGGING HUMANITARIAN INSTINCTS...
HEH HEH HEH
OUR RACE IS DOOMED... THANKS, COLONEL, FOR YOUR HELP IN BURYING THE DEAD...

KILLER DUCK
HOO-BOY!!!
TODAY'S THE DAY I'M GETTING OUT!!
WARDEN! HOW 'BOUT...
...OPENIN' THE...
...DOOR!!


WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR HURRY, DUCK?
KNOWIN' YOU, YOU'LL BE...
...BACK IN NO TIME!!
GLAD YOU'VE GOT SO MUCH FAITH IN ME, WARDEN...
I'LL TRY TO LIVE UP TO YOUR EXPECTATIONS!!
DAN BROOKS '76



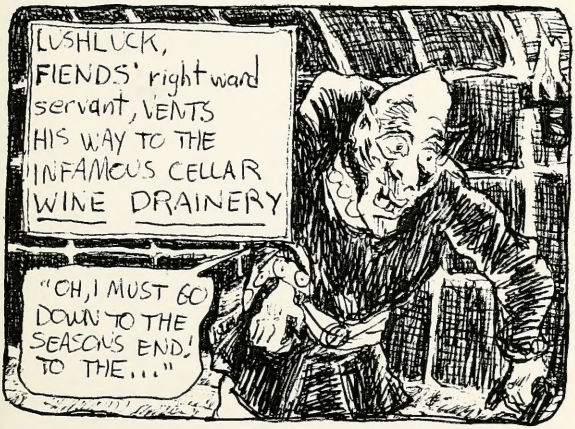




FIENDS
A VISITOR APPROACHES THE DANK HOME OF FIENDS
MORGAN '76
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME MY FRIEND...

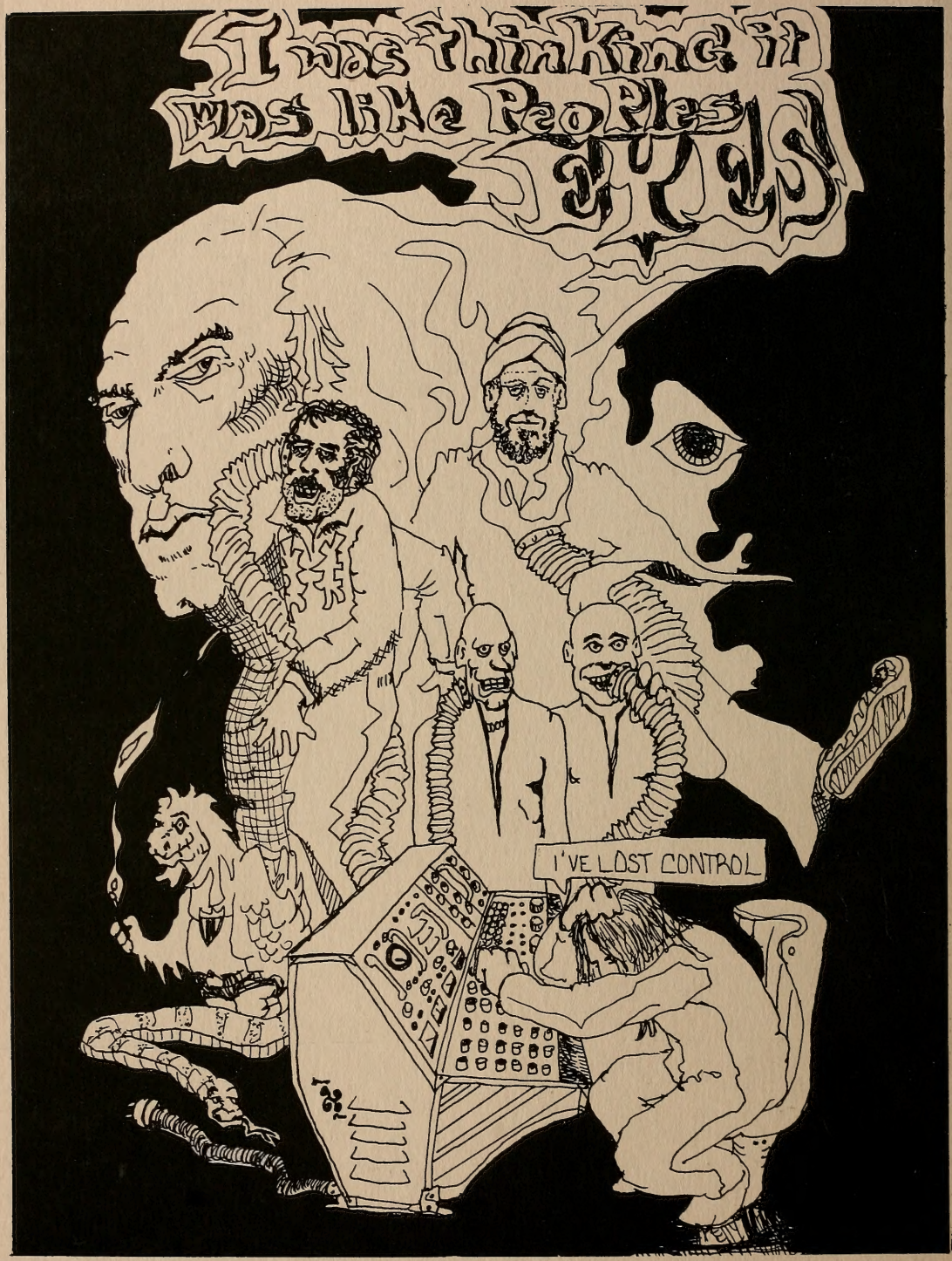
THIS WAY!

MORE WINE!


LUSHLUCK, FIENDS' rightward servant, VENTS HIS WAY TO THE INFAMOUS CELLAR WINE DRAINERY
"OH, I MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEASONS END! TO THE..."

YES, YES, A TOAST! BILE THE UNIVERSE!

YOU MUST HONOR CASTLE FIENDS AGAIN DIRE FRIEND!
FINIS



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